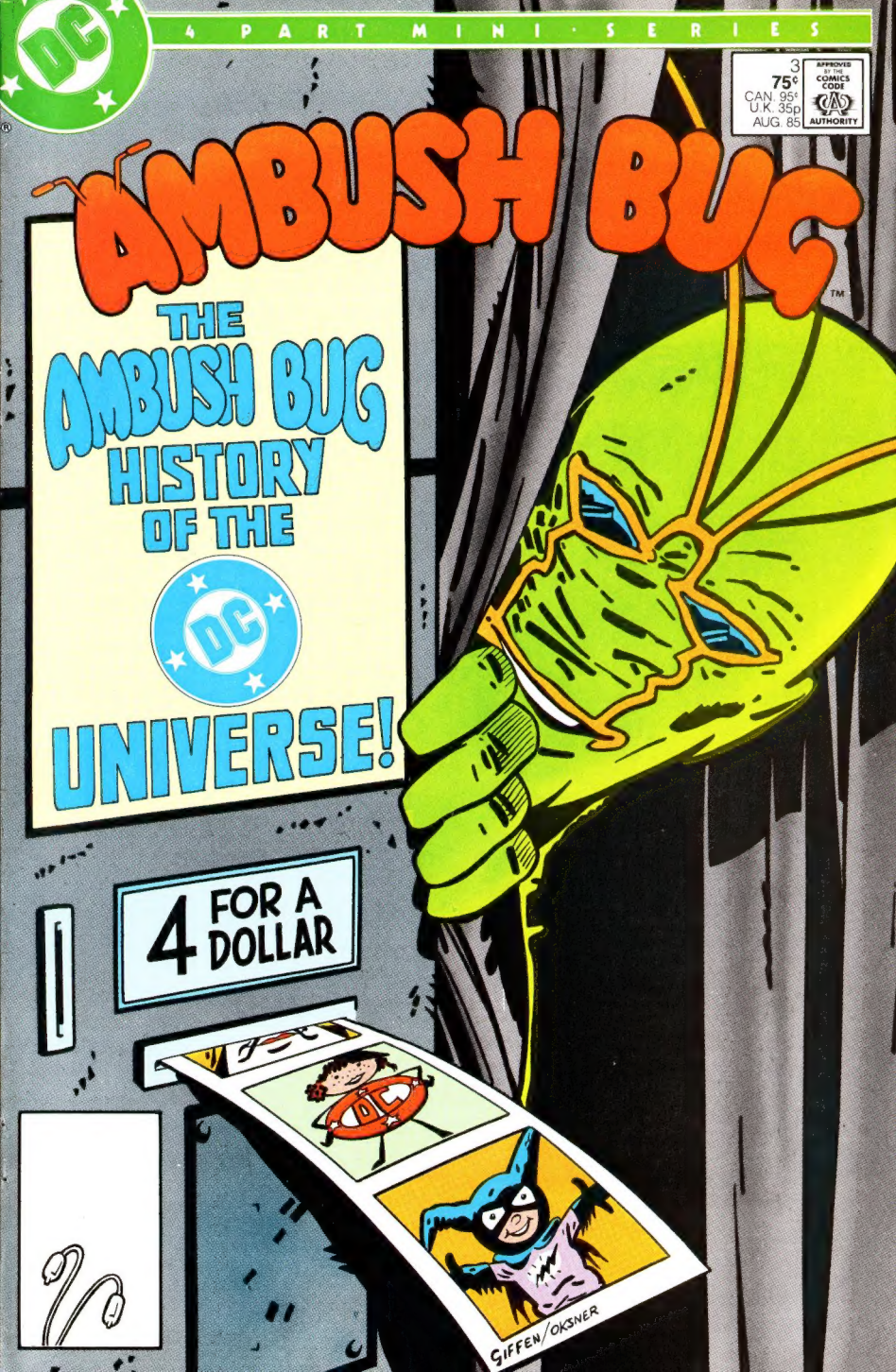
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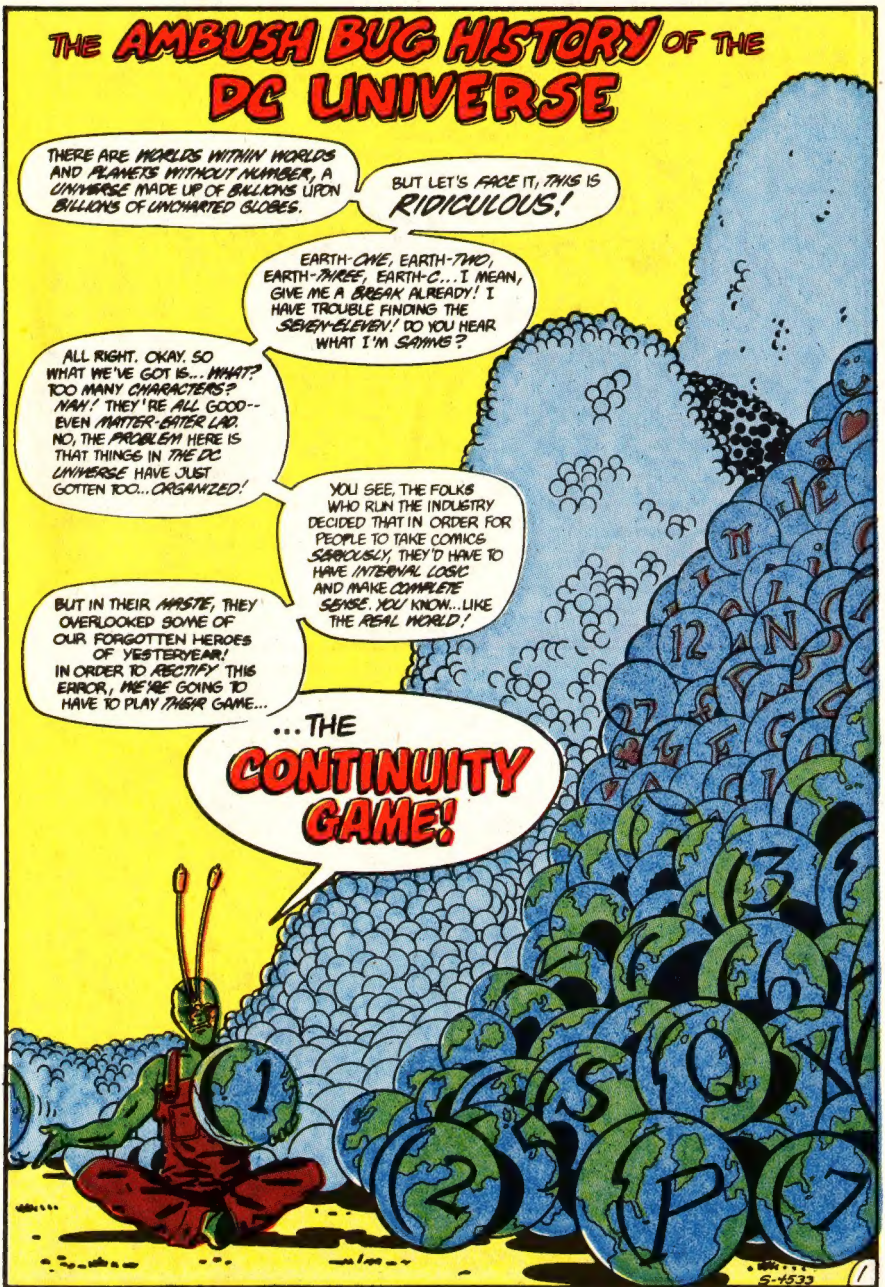
THE AMBUSH BUG HISTORY OF THE DC UNIVERSE
THERE ARE WORLDS WITHIN WORLDS AND PLANETS WITHOUT NUMBER, A UNIVERSE MADE UP OF BILLIONS UPON BILLIONS OF UNCHARTED GLOBES.
BUT LET'S FACE IT, THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
EARTH-ONE, EARTH-TWO, EARTH-THREE, EARTH-C... I MEAN, GIVE ME A BREAK ALREADY! I HAVE TROUBLE FINDING THE SEVEN-ELEVEN! DO YOU HEAR WHAT I'M SAYING?
ALL RIGHT. OKAY. SO WHAT WE'VE GOT IS... WHAT? TOO MANY CHARACTERS? NAH! THEY'RE ALL GOOD-- EVEN MATTER-EATER LAD. NO, THE PROBLEM HERE IS THAT THINGS IN THE DC UNIVERSE HAVE JUST GOTTEN TOO... ORGANIZED!
YOU SEE, THE FOLKS WHO RUN THE INDUSTRY DECIDED THAT IN ORDER FOR PEOPLE TO TAKE COMICS SERIOUSLY, THEY'D HAVE TO HAVE INTERNAL LOGIC AND MAKE COMPLETE SENSE. YOU KNOW... LIKE THE REAL WORLD!
BUT IN THEIR HASTE, THEY OVERLOOKED SOME OF OUR FORGOTTEN HEROES OF YESTERYEAR! IN ORDER TO RECTIFY THIS ERROR, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO PLAY THEIR GAME...
...THE CONTINUITY GAME!
S-4533

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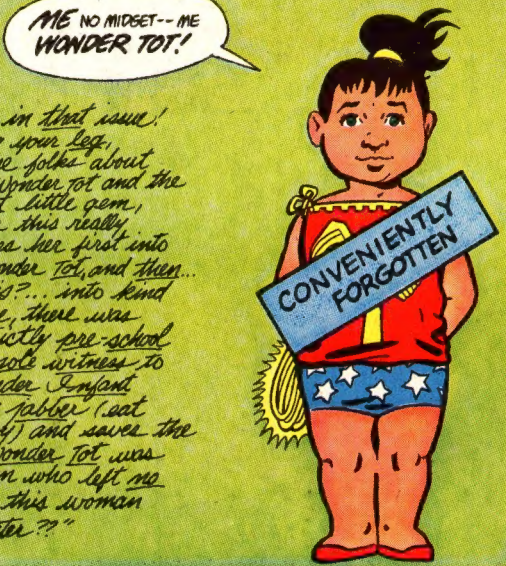
DC Comics Inc. A Warner Communications Company

"I know what you're thinking! You're thinking: 'HEY!'-- the Bug is Brain-Damaged! He thinks DC COMICS would, like, intentionally forget to mention some of their most absolute superlative characters? No way!!' But let me lay this on you... Egg Fu. Egg was my main man back in those good old days like Oct. & Nov. 1965, in Wonder Woman #s 157 & 158, when the man from Colong was heard to say:"

SCRAMBLED
THE FOOLISH AMELICANS DO NOT KNOW THAT THE INSTANT ANY OF THEIR PILOTS ATTEMPT TO TAKE PHOTOGLAPHS OF OUR INSTALLATIONS--THEY MIGHT JUST AS WELL PLESS A TLIGGER AGAINST THEIR OWN BLAINS! MEEE-HO!

"What can I add? The big guy was 'steeped' in Oriental cunning (sorta makes ya think, don't it?) and his deadliest weapon was his 'Moustache Flap,' which was just what you're imagining. Egg Fu was destroyed (oh, NO!) at the end of WW #158, under very mysterious circumstances. Apparently a certain 'Mystery Housewife' lent Wonder Woman her recipe for Quiche. WOW!"

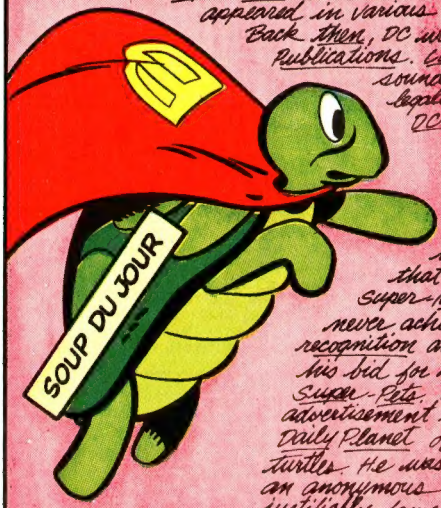
"So anyway, that reminds me of Wonder Woman #132 (Aug. 1962 -- I'm not making this stuff up, ya know!) in which there appeared this story about a midget:"



"Right. Right! No midgets in that issue! Hey, I was just pulling your leg, Tot Baby! Just telling those folks about your adventure called 'Wonder Tot and the Flying Saucer.' In that little gem, Wonder Woman sits under this really incredible ray that changes her first into Wonder Girl, then into Wonder Tot, and then... are you following all this?... into kind of a Wonder Infant! See, there was this little baby boy, strictly pre-school material, who was the sole witness to a U.F.O. landing. So Wonder Infant talks to him in baby jabber (eat your heart out, Doll-boy) and saves the day! Soon afterwards, Wonder Tot was adopted by a young woman who left no forwarding address. Could this woman have been a quiche-eater??"

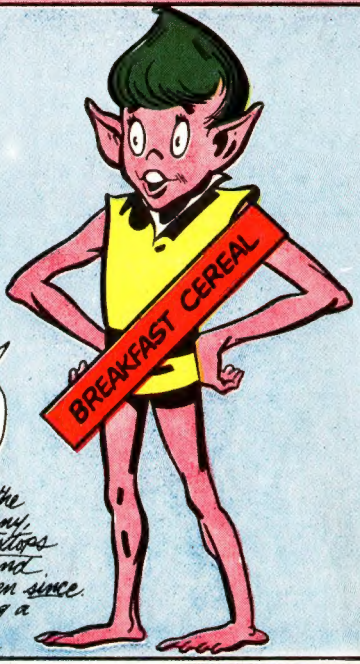
MISSING
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO Binky?
PIZZA PALACE
HELLO.
I'M STANDING HERE THIS SUNNY, SPRING-LIKE AFTERNOON IN FRONT OF THE INFAMOUS PIZZA PALACE.
IT WAS HERE, ONE FATEFUL EVENING IN MARCH OF 1966, THAT THE POPULAR COMIC BOOK CHARACTER BINKY WAS LAST SEEN. THE RECORD IS VAGUE ON JUST WHAT REALLY HAPPENED THAT NIGHT.
I'M HERE TO RELIVE THAT EVENING WITH CLOSE FRIENDS OF BINKY, WHO HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE.
DON'T TELL ME BINKY WENT UNDERGROUND OF HIS OWN FREE WILL!
I WAS THERE THAT NIGHT. I KNOW! ALL ME WANTED WAS TO HIT UP ON THIS NEW CHICK!
ALL I KNOW IS THAT HE WAS WITH SOME GIRL ALL NIGHT--AND I THINK SHE WAS FROM EARTH-TWO.
YES, SURE. I HEARD HIM TALKING TO THE GIRL ABOUT EARTH-TWO. SO WHAT?
I'VE TALKED ABOUT EARTH-TWO MYSELF. IS THAT SO WRONG?
THE KID ORDERED HIS REG'LAR--SICILIAN DEEP DISH WIT' DA MOXIS. WHEN IT COMES UP, HE'S GONE!
IT WAS DA GOVL, I'M TELLIN' YA!!
DON'T HASSLE ME, MAN. I WAS JUST A TOKEN IN THAT BOOK. I TOOK THE MONEY AN' I WALKED THROUGH A COUPLA PANELS.
YOU WANNA KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO WHITEY, FIND THE MAMA.
BUT THE GIRL HAS NEVER BEEN LOCATED. AND AS FOR BINKY, WHO CONTRIBUTED SO MUCH TO THE ENLIGHTENMENT OF A GENERATION, HIS DISAPPEARANCE IS MUCH LIKE HIS ART...
... PROFOUNDLY SILLY.
3

"Look... up in the sky!... How did that damned deal get there? Super-Turtle was the star of a half-page gag strip that appeared in various DC mags of the early 60's. Back then, DC was officially called National Periodical Publications. Later, during the 70's, that title sounded a bit too officious and was legally altered to the current, commaless DC Comics Inc.



But getting back to Super-Turtle -- although he rode the same wave of Super spin-offs that produced Super-Dog, Super-Cat, and Super-Monkey, the Tortoise of Tomorrow never achieved their degree of acclaim or recognition and was consequently passed up in his bid for membership in the Legion of Super-Pets. Despondent, he answered an advertisement in the Wine & Food section of the Daily Planet offering TOP DOLLAR for exceptional turtles. He was last seen in the company of an anonymous female chef who is nonetheless justifiably famous for her succulent Steak Terrapin."

Quisp first appeared in Aquaman #1 (Jan.-Feb. 1962), in a story entitled "Invasion of the Fire-Trolls." He was introduced as just one member of an entire race of creatures known as "water-sprites." These little characters had certain powers over their native element -- water -- such as the ability to create waterspouts and underwater repellor beams. Although he had never met Aquaman or Aqualad before, Quisp seemed completely confident of their capabilities, remarking:"



ZOOKS! BUT YOU'VE GOT A PLAN TO STOP [the Fire Trolls], HAVEN'T YOU? ISN'T THAT WHY YOU WENT AWAY -- TO WORK OUT A PLAN?

"Some time later, Quisp was contacted by the female executive of a major cereal company, and appeared for many months on boxtops and free prizes. The cereal sold poorly and was scrapped and Quisp hasn't been seen since. The cereal company denies ever employing a female executive."

4

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING

FREE OREO® TUMBLER

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GET READY FOR DUNKIN GOOD FUN WHEN YOU MAKE A BIG WITH OREO COOKIES AND MILK. IT'S A CRUNCHIN' GREAT BASH. HERE'S A FOR YOUR FAVORITE TREAT. , MILK, AND YOUR ARE REALLY NEAT.

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Tumbler shown actual size.
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18 HOT BOOKS TO MAKE THE SUMMER SIZZLE!

WARLORD ANNUAL #4 FIRESTORM ANNUAL #3
LEGION OF SUBSTITUTE HEROES SPECIAL #1
BATMAN ANNUAL #9 DC PRESENTS ANNUAL #4
NEW TEEN TITANS ANNUAL #1 LOSERS SPECIAL #1
SWORD OF THE ATOM SPECIAL #2
INFINITY, INC. ANNUAL #1 ARION SPECIAL #1
BATMAN AND THE OUTSIDERS ANNUAL #2
SUPERMAN ANNUAL #11 VIGILANTE ANNUAL #1
LEGION OF SUPER-HEROES ANNUAL #1
OMEGA MEN ANNUAL #2 JLA ANNUAL #3
BLUE DEVIL ANNUAL #1 STAR TREK ANNUAL #1

DC COMICS. WHERE LEGENDS LIVE.™

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...MEANWHILE:
OKAY, PRINCESS, TIME TO TUCK YOU IN SO YOU CAN GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP.
OH, DADDY, PLEASE READ ME A STORY FIRST--PLEASE?
WELL... ALL RIGHT, MAYBE JUST A SHORT ONE!
GOODY!!
NOW, WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR? GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS, RAPUNZEL, OR CRISIS ON INFINITE EARTHS?
ICK. I WANNA HEAR THE SECRET ORIGIN OF AMBUSH BUG!
"THE SECRET ORIGIN OF--" OH, NO--NOT THAT!!
HOWABOUT, HOWABOUT, HOWABOUT--I KNOW! HOWABOUT I READ YOU AN ISSUE OF THRILLER?
BACKWARDS?
UHUH.
I WANT AMBUSH BUG!
SIGH. YOU WANT THE SECRET ORIGIN OF AMBUSH BUG, I'LL GIVE YOU THE SECRET ORIGIN OF AMBUSH BU--
AMBUSH BUG
DON'T COUNT ON IT, PAL.
WHA?
AMBUSH BUG
I'VE GOT A RIGHT TO MY PRIVACY JUST LIKE ANYONE ELSE, BUDDY. WHY DO YOU THINK THEY CALL IT A SECRET ORIGIN ANYWAY? I MEAN, DO YOU REALLY THINK MY LIFE IS AN OPEN BOOK, TO BE READ BY COMPLETE STRANGERS FOR THEIR OWN SORDID ENTERTAINMENT??
UH, SURE--WHY NOT?
DADDY, I DIDN'T KNOW COMIC BOOK CHARACTERS KEPT SECRETS FROM THEIR READERS!
WELL, I'M NOT LIKE OTHER COMIC BOOK CHARACTERS, OKAY?
I'M AN ASCENDING STAR, AFTER ALL, AND MY BOOK IS HOT--WHY SHOULD I GIVE AWAY ALL MY SECRETS AND KILL THE MYSTIQUE?
YES, BUT AS READERS--
DON'T GIVE ME THAT! "READERS"... MAN!
YOU KNOW FULL WELL THAT YOU TWO ARE ONLY COMIC BOOK EXTRAS PLAYING THE PART OF READERS.
NOW I ASK YOU, WHY SHOULD A STAR LIKE MYSELF LISTEN TO NOBODIES LIKE YOURSELVES--NOBODIES WHO DON'T EVEN HAVE NAMES?
OH, WE HAVE NAMES ALL RIGHT! CHRISTOPHER VAN VLIET AT YOUR SERVICE.
CINDY GLOVER--HOW'D JA DO, HOW'D JA DO?
FINE. PLEASED TO MEET YOU.
BUT I STILL DON'T FEEL I HAVE TO LISTEN TO YOU.
LOOK, WHEN YOU'VE GOTTEN YOUR OWN MINI-SERIES, THEN WE'LL TALK. UNTIL THAT TIME...
BUT--
NO MORE BUTS!
YOU MAY AS WELL SAVE YOURSELF SOME GRIEF AND MOVE ON TO THE NEXT PAGE!
YOU HEARD ME--GO ON! EYES UP AND TO THE RIGHT!
GEEZ, DID THEY REALLY THINK I'D GIVE IT ALL AWAY ON ONE LOUSY PAGE?!??
...AND WITH THAT TV MOVIE DEAL STILL PENDING!...
15

RETURN OF THE ~~REVENGE~~ OF THE LEGION OF SUPER-PETS

KRYPTO*

♫ THERE WAS A BOY WHO CAME FROM SPACE

♫ AND KAL-EL WAS HIS NAME-OH! ♫

K-A-L-E-L!- K-A-L-E-L!- K-A-L-E-L!

AND KAL-EL WAS HIS NAME-OH! #

THIS BOY FROM SPACE, HE HAD A DOG

AND KRYPTO WAS ITS NAME-OH!

K-R-Y-P-TO!

OWOOOOOO

AND KRYPTO WAS ITS NAME-OH!

DOGGONE

* TO THE TUNE OF "BINGO" - JULIE

STREAKY*

WHO'S FLYING THROUGH THE SKIES OF THE CITY?

SPITTING AT ALL THE AIRPLANES SHE SEES?

WHO'S GIVING ALL THE DOGGIES DIARRHEA?

EVERYONE KNOWS IT'S STREAKY!

AND STREAKY HAS KILLER CLAWS!

MEOW!

SCATTED

* TO THE TUNE OF "WINDY." -- JULIE

"Super-Monkey is the only survivor of Jor-el's advanced experiments in androgyny. The little primate no longer performs super-heroics, but lives, as Bagley, with his wife and three children in a split-level ranch house outside of Metropolis, and shares a cooperative apartment in central city as Baggy, with his personal manager Gorilla Grodd. He declines to be interviewed."

"RE-EDUCATED"

"Comet the Super-Horse was originally a human being who was changed by the evil sorceress Circe into a Centaur... or was he a Centaur who she changed into a horse? No, I think he was a horse first - and then... Wait a minute! First, he was a Centaur and then she changed him into a horse -- no! a man! -- no, hold on, he was -- first he was a horse... or a centaur... No! I've got it! He was a horse first... or was it centaur, then horse, and then... then..."

CENTAURED

AUDITED
GREEN TEAM in "COMIC BOOK FREELANCERS NEED NOT APPLY!"
DOT MILLIONAIRES
THIS IS THE STORY OF A MINORITY GROUP CONSIDERED BY MANY TO BE SHIFTLESS AND NON-PRODUCTIVE.
NO, NOT THE DC EDITORS! THE MILLIONAIRES CLUB!!
SO THIS IS WHERE THE GREEN TEAM ORIGINALLY MET, MR. RICH?
CALL ME RICHARD.
YEP, AMBUSH, THEY MET RIGHT HERE. IF I'D BEEN A STRONGER MAN, I COULD HAVE JOINED THEM. BUT I'VE NEVER GOTTEN OVER THE DEATH OF MY DOG DOLLAR.
THAT'LL DO IT.
WHEN THOSE YOUNG BOYS'D GET HERE FOR THEIR WEEKLY MEETING, I'D MIX 'EM UP A BATCH OF KOOL-AID.
I'D SPIKE IT WITH WHISKEY. GET 'EM DRUNK.
I CAN STILL HEAR THEIR TIPSY LITTLE VOICES.
I'M COMMODORE MURPHY AND I OWN A FLEET!
MY NAME IS J.P. HOUSTON AND I'M AN OIL MAGNATE!
THEY CALL ME CECIL SLAYBEAM, THE STARMAKER, BECAUSE I'VE CASHED IN ON MY MOVIES!
I'M ABDUL SMITH AND I DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY! I'M JUST A JERK!
BUT, RICHARD... WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GREEN TEAM? WHAT COULD HAVE POSSIBLY SPLIT THEM UP?
SERVICE ENTRANCE
AFFIRMATIVE ACTION.
YOU MEAN THEY HAD TO HIRE BLACKS?!
NO, THEY HAD TO ACCEPT ANY MILLIONAIRES WHO WANTED TO JOIN! LOKID KILLED 'EM!
7

"CHOKE"

"When Green Lantern lost his own book and got bumped into the back of The Flash, nobody could have anticipated the imminent creation of one of the most intense new characters in Comic book history! It was foreshadowed in Flash #238, when Green Lantern first encountered the Vivarium, a gigantic artificial world (sorta like Los Angeles) that was home to a race of Aqrieas. These were much like intelligent guppies, but with the heads of Starfishes. Despite all of this, Green Lantern, in Flash #240 (March, 1976) took to carrying one around on his shoulder! He named the thing 'Itty,' which made a lot of sense to him at the time. Years later, a woman from the A.S.P.C.A. caught up to him and took Itty away to a more appropriate guardian (no pun intended). But in the meantime, Itty was easy to keep, requiring neither food nor water."

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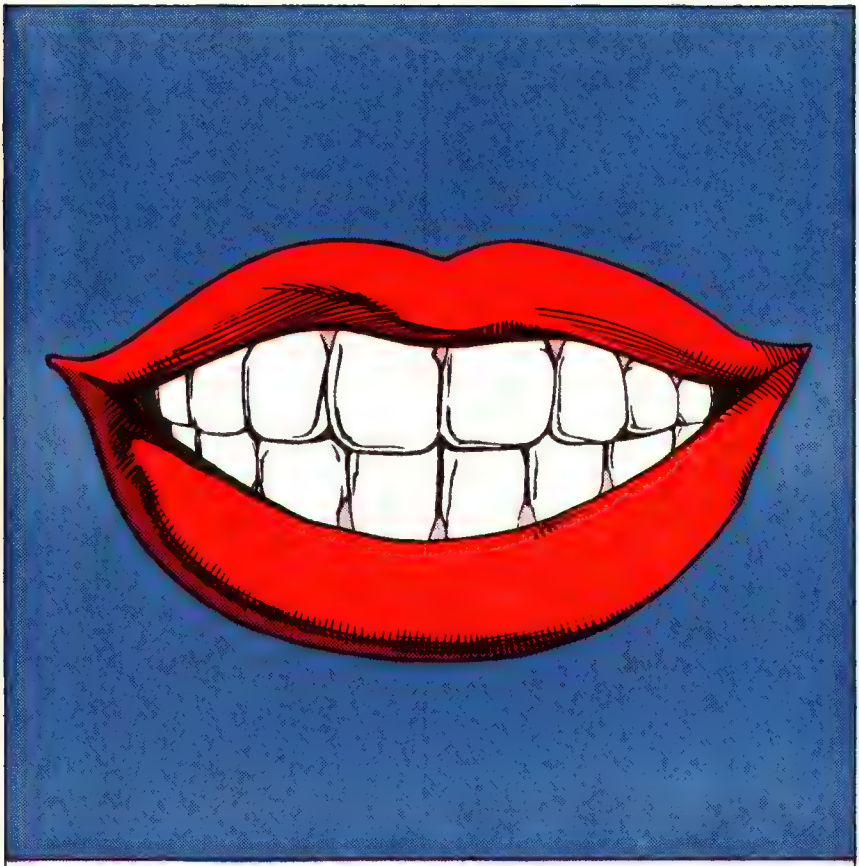

How most mouths feel about Twizzlers®

"It's chewy and juicy and yummy and fruity. And that's all I have to say 'cause I'm going to eat my Twizzlers candy now."

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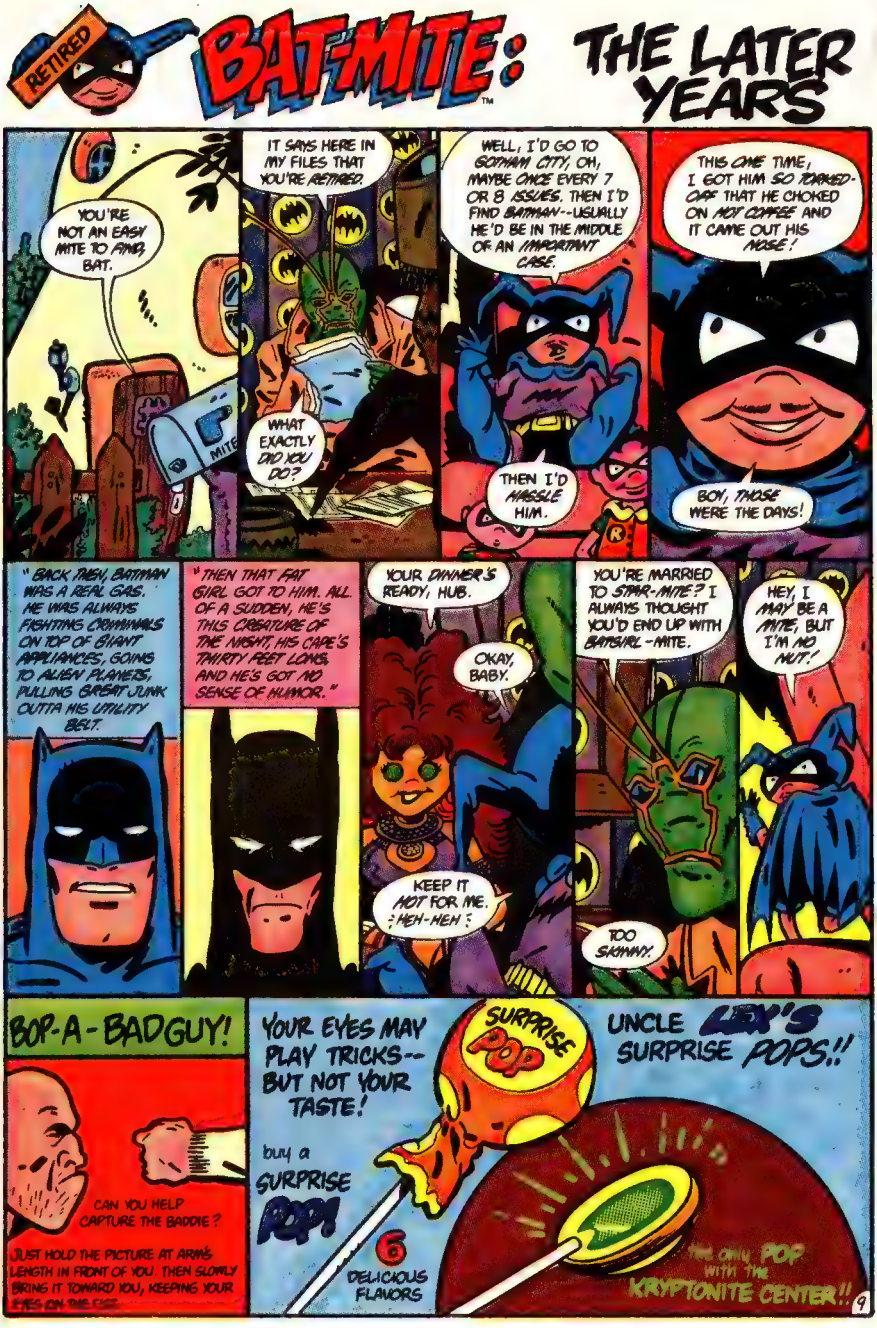
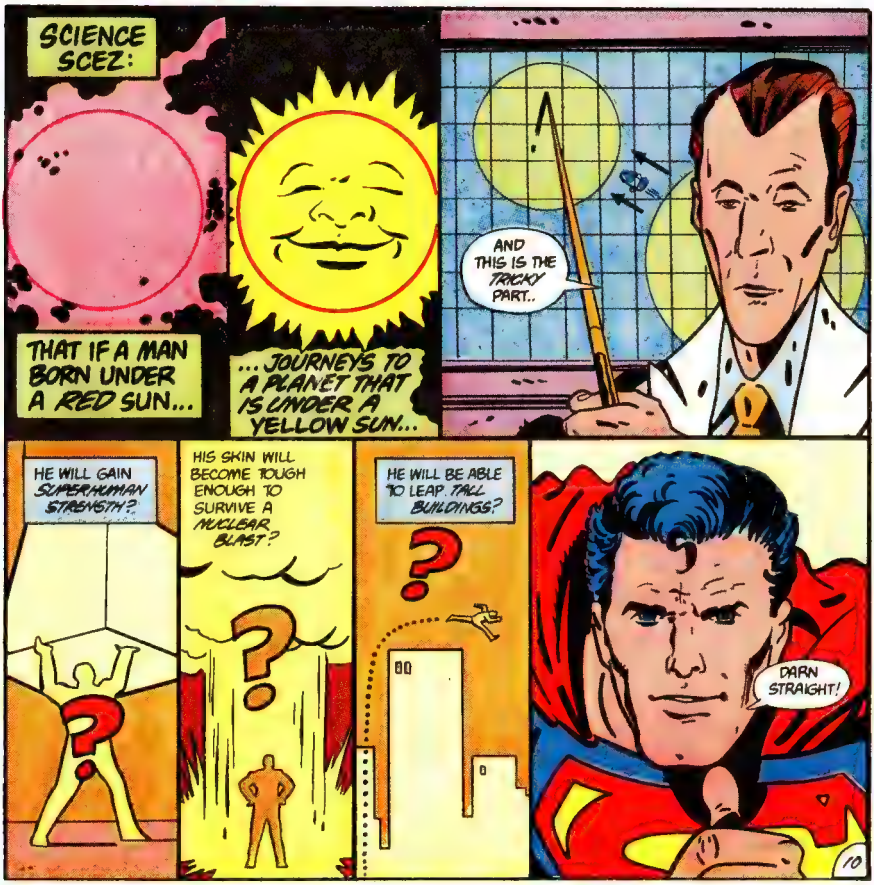

RETIRED
BAT-MITE:
THE LATER YEARS
YOU'RE NOT AN EASY MITE TO FIND, BAT.
IT SAYS HERE IN MY FILES THAT YOU'RE RETIRED.
WHAT EXACTLY DID YOU DO?
WELL, I'D GO TO GOTHAM CITY, OH, MAYBE ONCE EVERY 7 OR 8 ISSUES. THEN I'D FIND BATMAN--USUALLY HE'D BE IN THE MIDDLE OF AN IMPORTANT CASE.
THEN I'D HASSLE HIM.
THIS ONE TIME, I GOT HIM SO TORRED-OFF THAT HE CHOKED ON HOT COFFEE AND IT CAME OUT HIS NOSE!
BOY, THOSE WERE THE DAYS!
"BACK THEN, BATMAN WAS A REAL GAS. HE WAS ALWAYS FIGHTING CRIMINALS ON TOP OF GIANT APPLIANCES, GOING TO ALIEN PLANETS, PULLING GREAT JUNK OUTTA HIS UTILITY BELT.
"THEN THAT FAT GIRL GOT TO HIM. ALL OF A SUDDEN, HE'S THIS CREATURE OF THE NIGHT, HIS CAPE'S THIRTY FEET LONG, AND HE'S GOT NO SENSE OF HUMOR."
YOUR DINNER'S READY, HUB.
OKAY, BABY.
KEEP IT HOT FOR ME. HEH-HEH
YOU'RE MARRIED TO STAR-MITE? I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU'D END UP WITH BATGIRL-MITE.
TOO SKINNY.
HEY, I MAY BE A MITE, BUT I'M NO NUT!
BOP-A-BADGUY!
CAN YOU HELP CAPTURE THE BADDIE?
JUST HOLD THE PICTURE AT ARM'S LENGTH IN FRONT OF YOU. THEN SLOWLY BRING IT TOWARD YOU, KEEPING YOUR EYES ON THE DISC.
YOUR EYES MAY PLAY TRICKS--BUT NOT YOUR TASTE!
buy a SURPRISE POP!
6 DELICIOUS FLAVORS
SURPRISE POP
UNCLE LEX'S SURPRISE POPS!!
THE ONLY POP WITH THE KRYPTONITE CENTER!!
9

BOOK*

SCIENCE SCEZ:

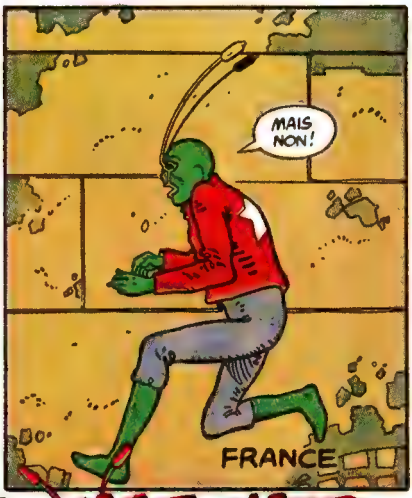
(TRY TO DECIDE IF THE STATEMENTS ARE TRUE OR FALSE. AND DON'T PEEK AT THE ANSWER!)


SCIENCE SCEZ:
THAT IF A MAN BORN UNDER A RED SUN...
...JOURNEYS TO A PLANET THAT IS UNDER A YELLOW SUN...
AND THIS IS THE TRICKY PART..
HE WILL GAIN SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH?
HIS SKIN WILL BECOME TOUGH ENOUGH TO SURVIVE A NUCLEAR BLAST?
HE WILL BE ABLE TO LEAP TALL BUILDINGS?
DARN STRAIGHT!
10

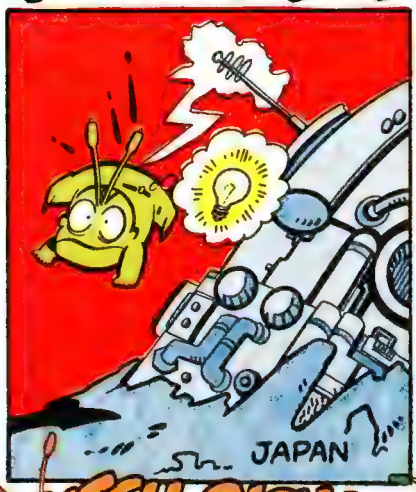
* NO, WE **DON'T** MEAN **ACTIVITY** BOOK. IF YOU WANT **ACTIVITY**, THEN QUIT LYING AROUND READING COMIC BOOKS!

AMBUSH BUG AROUND THE WORLD!

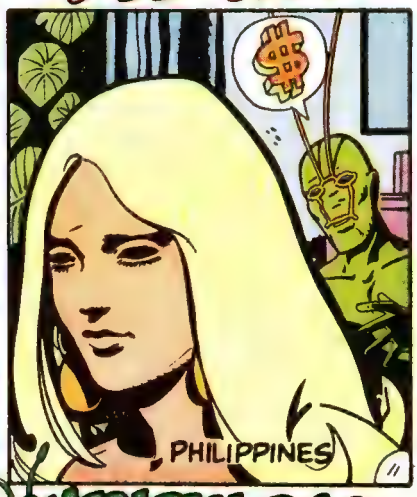
ALMIGHTY BUCK



WEE WEE



MITSU BISHI

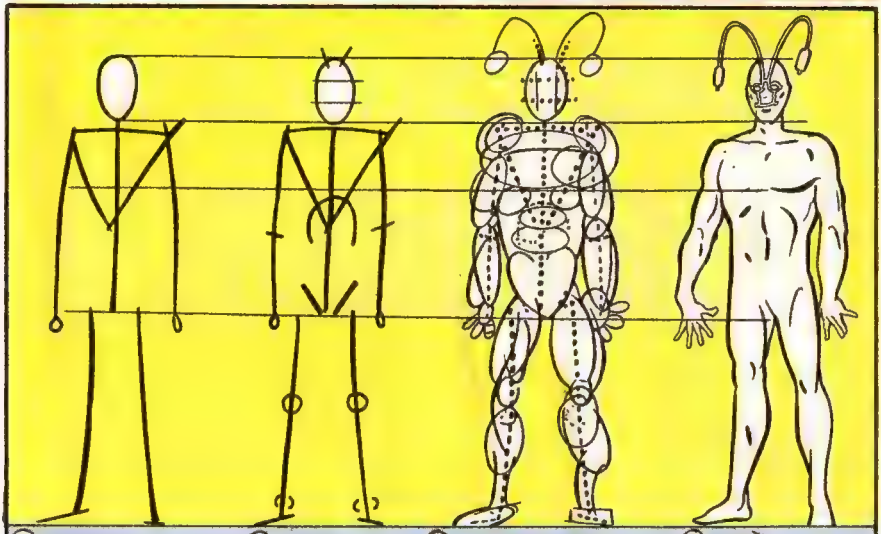


AMERICAN BASE

HOW TO DRAW AMBUSH BUG

WITH ADDED BONUS:

HOW TO MAKE TERIYAKI BURGERS



1. INGREDIENTS: 2 lb. LEAN GROUND BEEF, 1/4 CUP SOY SAUCE, 2 Tbsp. BROWN SUGAR, 3 Tbsp. SHERRY WINE, 1/4 tsp. GROUND GINGER.
2. SHAPE BEEF INTO PATTIES.
3. DIP UNSEASONED HAMBURGERS INTO SAUCE JUST BEFORE BROILING.
4. VOILÀ! ONE BUG--AND 6 DELICIOUS TERIYAKI BURGERS.

PRACTICE SPACE

[DON'T FORGET TO WASH YOUR HANDS!]

WHAT IF?
KEITH HAD BLOWN HIS DEADLINE ON THIS ISSUE?????
JULIE MAY HAVE GIVEN THE ASSIGNMENT TO... JACK KIRBY!
FACE FRONT, FRIENDS.
I HAVEN'T FELT THIS GOOD IN YEARS! JACK LALAINE--EAT YOUR HEART OUT!
I'M A VEGETARIAN!
OR... ERNIE COLÓN!
I CAN USE THE MONEY!
OR HOW ABOUT... FRANK MILLER?
AND THERE'S ALWAYS... STEVE DITKO!
WOW! I MUST BE UP TWO OR THREE HUNDRED STORIES!
HEY WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S MY LINE ATTACHED TO?
AND... GIL KANE!
MY BOY-- WHEN DID YOU SAY IT WAS DUE, MY BOY?
BUT SURELY NOT... ROBERT LOREN FLEMING!?
WOW! I REALLY DREW THIS MYSELF!
EBERHARD
ANYBODY CARE FOR A TERIYAKI BURGER?
13

The AMBUSH BUG MART

SELL GRIST

LORD KNOWS WE CAN'T

BE JOLTED!

LOW PRICES and HIGH QUALITY STILL LIVE!!

NOT REALLY--
BUT IT WAS A BIT OF A JOLT, WASN'T IT?

? ? ? SURPRISE PACKAGE!

ARE YOU WILLING TO TAKE A CHANCE? HUH?
CHICKEN!!
C'MON, Y'WANNA BE A WIMP ALL YOUR LIFE?
50¢

THOUSANDS of COMIC BOOKS

YES!! THAT'S RIGHT! THOUSANDS and THOUSANDS!
MORE THAN YOU'LL EVER OWN!! AND THEY'RE ALL MINE!!
JUST THOUGHT THAT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW...

HANDCUFFS $5.69

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ACTUAL SIZE

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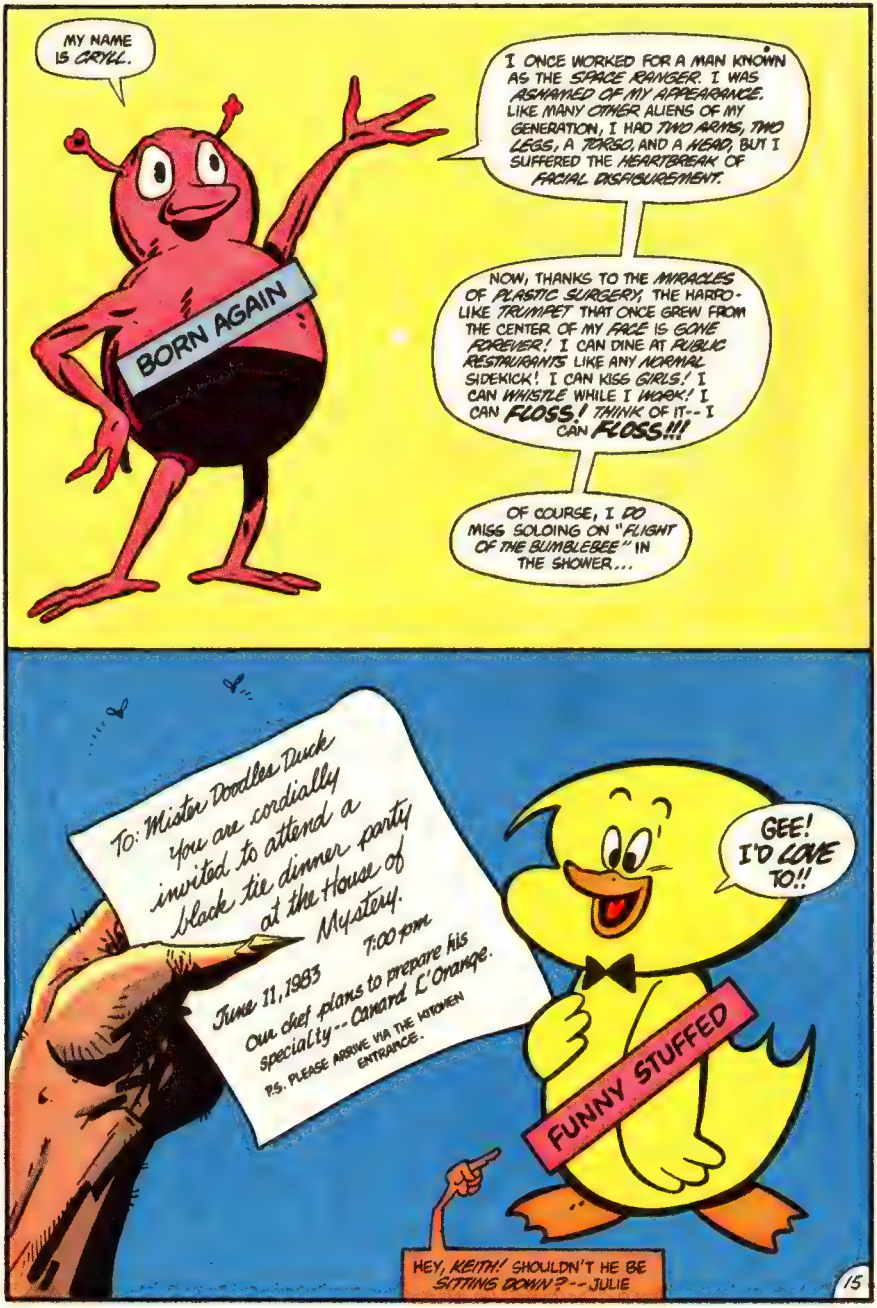
MY NAME IS GRYLL.
BORN AGAIN
I ONCE WORKED FOR A MAN KNOWN AS THE SPACE RANGER. I WAS ASHAMED OF MY APPEARANCE. LIKE MANY OTHER ALIENS OF MY GENERATION, I HAD TWO ARMS, TWO LEGS, A TORSO, AND A HEAD, BUT I SUFFERED THE HEARTBREAK OF FACIAL DISFIGUREMENT.
NOW, THANKS TO THE MIRACLES OF PLASTIC SURGERY, THE HARPO-LIKE TRUMPET THAT ONCE GREW FROM THE CENTER OF MY FACE IS GONE FOREVER! I CAN DINE AT PUBLIC RESTAURANTS LIKE ANY NORMAL SIDEKICK! I CAN KISS GIRLS! I CAN WHISTLE WHILE I WORK! I CAN FLOSS! THINK OF IT-- I CAN FLOSS!!!
OF COURSE, I DO MISS SOLOING ON "FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLEBEE" IN THE SHOWER...
To: Mister Doodles Duck
You are cordially invited to attend a black tie dinner party at the House of Mystery.
June 11, 1983 7:00 pm
Our chef plans to prepare his specialty -- Canard L'Orange.
P.S. PLEASE ARRIVE VIA THE KITCHEN ENTRANCE.
GEE! I'D LOVE TO!!
FUNNY STUFFED
HEY, KEITH! SHOULDN'T HE BE SITTING DOWN? -- JULIE

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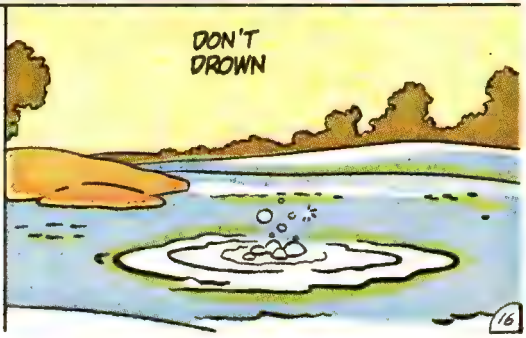
...NEVER LEAVE!! HAHAHAHA
FOR THOSE WHO ENTER MY HOUSE...
SO DON'T GO AWAY!
MONSTER HORROR CHILLER THEATER
WILL RETURN AFTER THESE MESSAGES
YES, A YOUNG WOMAN CAME TO SERVE ME THE EVICTION NOTICE ON THE HOUSE. SOUNDS LIKE THE WOMAN YOU'RE LOOKING FOR.
YOU'LL EXCUSE ME NOW. I HAVE TO INTRODUCE TODAY'S MOVIE, "BATHTUB OF BLOOD."

BUGGY'S RULES of WATER SAFETY RULE No. 1



HOLD EVERYTHING!!
YOU THINK THIS COMIC IS PRETTY FUNNY, DON'T YOU?
WELL, ME DID IT ALL YEARS AGO! AND BETTER, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF!
MY NAME IS MISERYMAN AND I WAS THE LEADER OF A GROUP CALLED THE INFERIOR FIVE. ME DIDN'T MAKE IT BIG LIKE THE AMBUSH BUGS, BECAUSE ME DIDN'T HAVE THE DIRECT SALES MARKET! OOH... IT JUST...
...JUST MAKES MY BLOOD BOIL!!
WE HAD AWKWARDMAN. HE WAS CLUMSY. AWKWARD. GET IT? IS THAT HILARIOUS OR WHAT?
WE HAD THE BLIMP. HE WAS FAT. A FAT SUPER-HERO! HA HA HA HA -- I CAN'T STAND IT!
DUMB BUNNY WAS A DUMB BLONDE! BUT HEY! IT WAS THE SIXTIES! WE DIDN'T KNOW THEN THAT WOMEN WERE ANY GOOD!
THAT CENSORED AMBUSH BUG!! IF I EVER GET MY CENSORED HANDS ON HIM, I'M GOING TO GIVE HIM A CENSORED KICK IN HIS CENSORED CENSORED!!
SPROING
OKAY, M.M. OKAY.
The INFERIOR RIPPED OFF tive™
SATISFIED?
17

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING.

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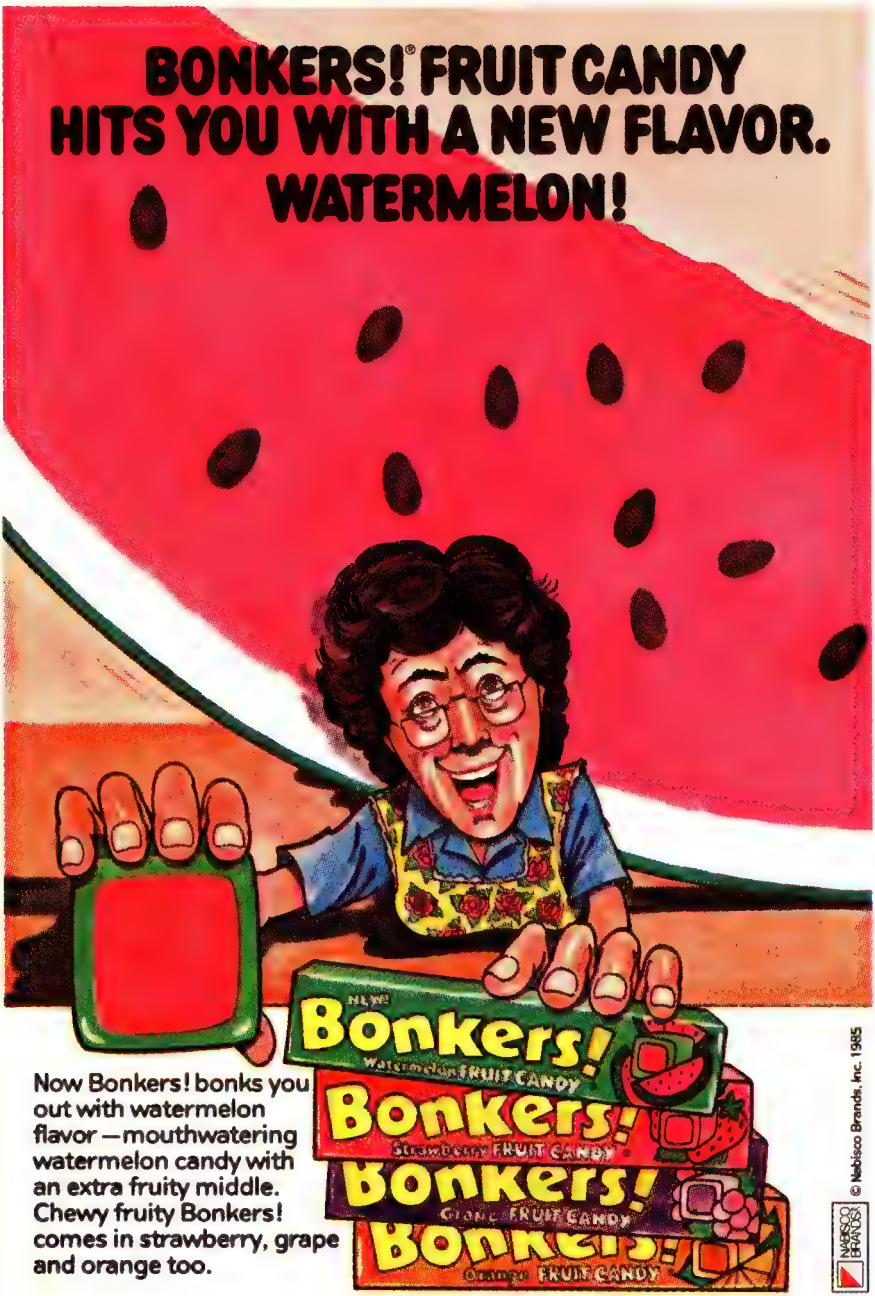

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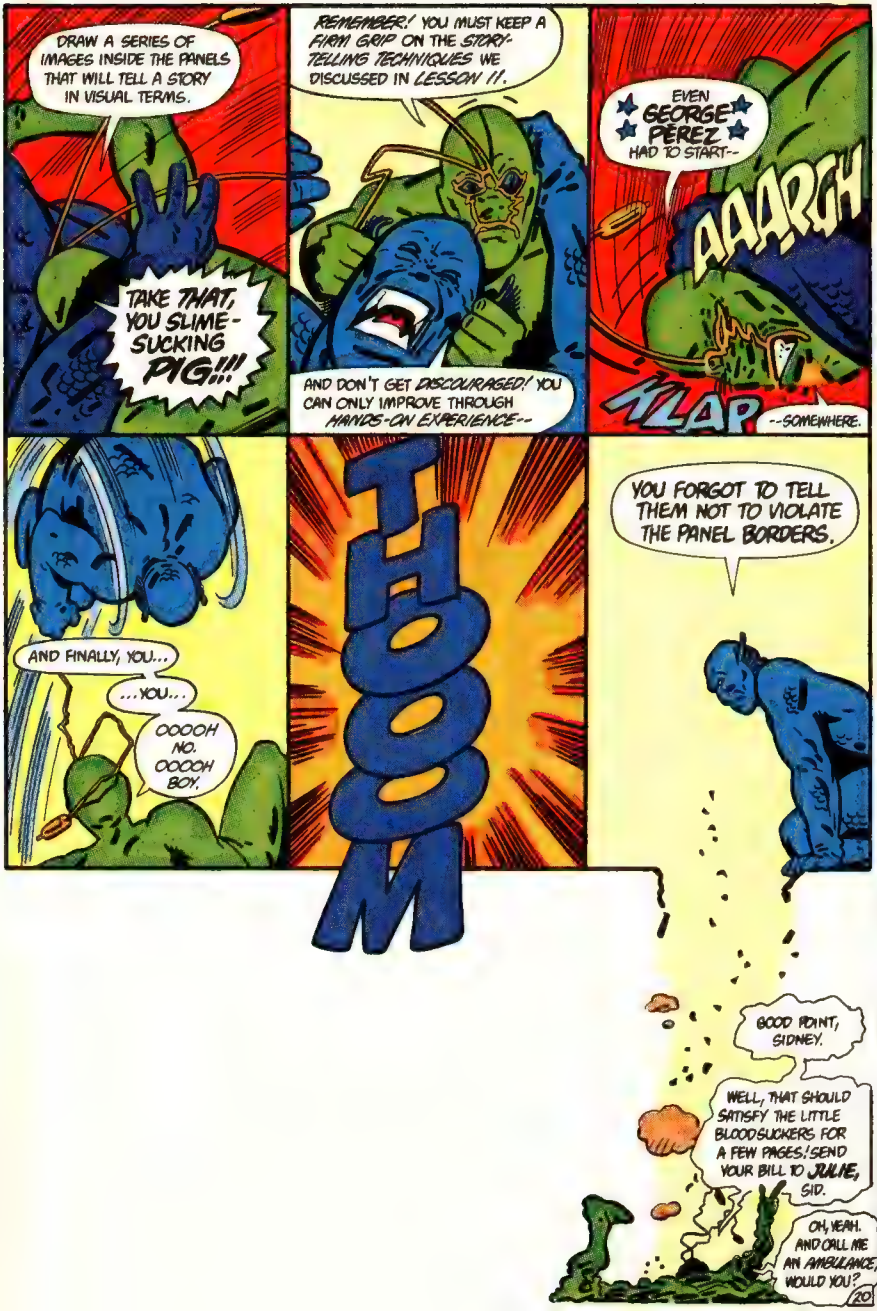
"Here, boy. C'mon, boy. That's a good doggie! This is Ace, the Bathound. He first appeared in Batman #92 (June 1955) in a story called 'Ace, the Bathound.' That's what I would have called it too.

"You see, in this tale, Batman and Robin rescue a dog from drowning. They name him Ace and put out an ad with Ace's picture, notifying Ace's owners that he can be picked up at the Wayne Mansion. But then, as Batman and Robin leap into the Batmobile for an adventure, Ace leaps in too! They don't have time to take him back to the Batcave, so they-- HA HA HA -- they cut him-- HA HA-- a mask---HA HA HA-- a mask to conceal-- HA HA HA HA HA-- to conceal his--HAHAHA ;gasp; his ;gasp; true identity--AHHH HAHAHAHAHA!! HAAAAHAAHAHA-- I CAN'T ;GASP--GASP; -- CAN'T TAKE IT--HAHA-- but--Ace's mask falls off--HAW HAW HAW-- it--it-- ;gasp; it just FALLS OFF!!--HAAHA HAHAA-- and Batman ;choke; Batman gets Alfred into this Bat costume-- HAHAHOHOHEEE"

"Julius Schwartz is my favorite comic book editor! I'd say that even if he didn't edit my own book and even if Giffen and Fleming weren't asking for raises next week. Remember those great science fiction classics like Strange Adventures and Mystery in Space? How about those Flash covers where all the villains would sit on top of the logo? Batman's 'New Look'? The new Batgirl? The Blockbuster (personal favorite)? Space Taxi? Yes, believe it or not, these concepts were all originated under the guiding hand of editor Julius Schwartz. What makes Julie unique, even today, in an industry bursting with innovation and radical new departures, is his willingness to flaunt the conventions of traditional comic book storytelling--"

PARODY OF HIS FORMER SELF
SORRY TO INTERRUPT, GUYS, BUT YOU'RE ON PAGE 18 AND I HAVEN'T SEEN A FIGHT SCENE! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO-- GET ME IN TROUBLE? DON'T START GETTING ARTSY-FARTSY, OKAY?

HOW TO DRAW COMIC BOOKS
LESSON 12
THE GRID AND HOW TO USE IT
OOF!! FIRST DIVIDE YOUR PAGE INTO TWELVE EQUAL SQUARES.
POW
WHOA!
YOU CAN EITHER--
UH!!
WHAP
--LEAVE WHITE SPACE BETWEEN THE PANELS OR--
YARD!!
CLUDGE
--OR ; GASP ;! GASP! ; SEPARATE THEM WITH A ; GASP! ;
UH, OH
--THICKBLACKLINE!!
KRASHH
AND NOW...
WHEW
...NOW THAT YOU'VE COMPLETED THE TRADITIONAL TWELVE-PANEL GRID...
UNNGHH!
...PICK UP... YOUR... WOOF! WOOF!... YOUR No. 2... PENCIL...


DRAW A SERIES OF IMAGES INSIDE THE PANELS THAT WILL TELL A STORY IN VISUAL TERMS.
TAKE THAT, YOU SLIME-SUCKING PIG!!!
REMEMBER! YOU MUST KEEP A FIRM GRIP ON THE STORY-TELLING TECHNIQUES WE DISCUSSED IN LESSON II.
AND DON'T GET DISCOURAGED! YOU CAN ONLY IMPROVE THROUGH HANDS-ON EXPERIENCE--
EVEN GEORGE PÉREZ HAD TO START--
AAARGH
KLAP
--SOMEWHERE.
AND FINALLY, YOU...
...YOU...
OOOOH NO. OOOOH BOY.
THOOM
YOU FORGOT TO TELL THEM NOT TO VIOLATE THE PANEL BORDERS.
GOOD POINT, SIDNEY.
WELL, THAT SHOULD SATISFY THE LITTLE BLOODSUCKERS FOR A FEW PAGES! SEND YOUR BILL TO JULIE, SID.
OH, YEAH. AND CALL ME AN AMBULANCE, WOULD YOU?

HI! MY NAME'S MOPEE. I'M AN INITIATE OF THE HEAVENLY HELPMATES. IN A STORY IN FLASH #167 (FEB. 1967--OKAY?) CALLED "THE REAL ORIGIN OF THE FLASH!" I REVEALED THAT IT WAS REALLY ME WHO SENT THE LIGHTNING BOLT INTO THE POLICE LAB CHEMICALS, CHANGING BARRY ALLEN INTO THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE!
THE CONTINUITY BUFFS HATE THAT STORY. IT'S NOT AN IMAGINARY TALE, OR A DREAM SEQUENCE, OR A HOAX. IT'S THE TRUTH! AND THERE'S NOT ONE THING THEY CAN DO ABOUT IT.!!
WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW IS THAT I MADE A FEW SIDETRIPS ON MY VISIT TO EARTH! I WAS HERE FOR YEARS. BOY, DID I HAVE FUN!
FIRST, I SPOTTED THIS LITTLE SPACE-CAPSULE HEADED FOR A RED SUN. I GAVE IT A LITTLE PUSH AND IT ENDED UP LANDING ON EARTH! HOW ABOUT THAT?
THEN I SPOTTED THIS POOR LITTLE BAT FLITTING AROUND A LAMPPOST. I TOSSED IT INTO THE OPEN WINDOW OF A MANSION. I JUST FELT LIKE IT!
I DIDN'T STOP THERE, EITHER! I BOOBY-TRAPPED STEVE TREVOR'S PLANE, DROPPED A METEOR SHOWER ONTO ARSO CITY, WAS THE CHARTER MEMBER OF THE GUARDIANS OF THE UNIVERSE, RELEASED A SPIDER IN THE RADIOACTIVITY EXHIBIT AT THE UNIVERSITY, GAVE RICK JONES DIRECTIONS TO THE GAMMA BOMB-TESTING GROUNDS, BELTED A ROCKETSHIP WITH COSMIC RAYS, AND ARRANGED FOR XAVIER TO GET AN EDUCATIONAL DEVELOPMENT GRANT.
THEN I DID SOMETHING REALLY NASTY!
I INTRODUCED THIS YOUNG WOMAN TO A GUY NAMED SHOOTER. YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT'S BECOME OF THEIR BABY JIMMY!!
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21
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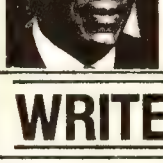

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BIZARRO WORLD — SQUARED AWAY in "ME, ME, ME!"

ME AM THE BIZARRO WORLD. PLANET EARTH NOT THINK, THEREFORE ME DO.
THIS AM METROPOLIS. IT AM WHERE NEWSPAPER AM PUBLISHED.. YEARLY PLANET. IT AM PRETTY DULL ON WEEKDAYS, BUT GETS CROWDED ON WEEKENDS WHEN BIZARROS WORK.
THIS AM A NEW BIZARRO. HE AM WEIRD. HE AM CALLED BIZARRO AMBUSH BUG #1!
HELLO THERE! HELLO?
HE AM LOST IN THOUGHT. WEIRD!
OH, PARDON ME! I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME IN. I'VE BEEN RATHER ABSENT-MINDED AS OF LATE.
YOU SEE, I WAS ONLY CREATED A FEW DAYS AGO.
SINCE THEN, I'VE MADE A NEW FRIEND. HE'S ACTUALLY MORE OF A NUISANCE. I MUST SAY, HE'S REALLY DRIVING ME RIGHT OUT OF MY MIND! EVEN WHEN HE'S NOT HERE, I STILL CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT HIM!
MAYBE IF I STOP THINKING ABOUT NOT THINKING ABOUT HIM, I'LL STOP THINKING ABOUT HIM!
HI, BEST PAL OF MINE!
KABOOM
BIZARRO No.1
HAVE ME TOLD YOU THE ONE ABOUT THE AMAZING GINGU?
GET LOST! SCRAM!! BEAT IT!!! YOU JERK!
YAY! ME AM GLAD TO BE WANTED!

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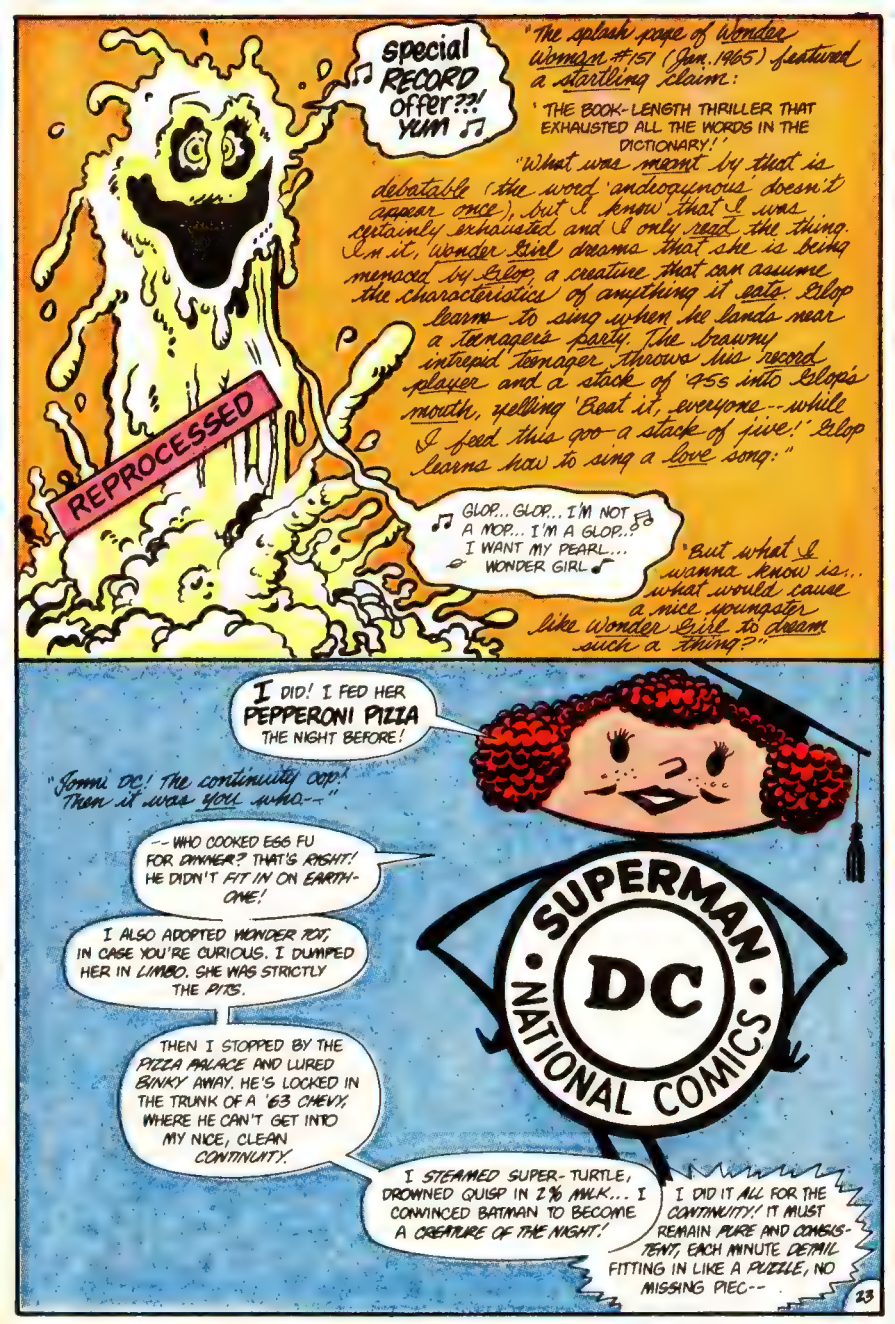
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REPROCESSED
GLOP.. GLOP.. I'M NOT A MOP... I'M A GLOP..! I WANT MY PEARL... WONDER GIRL
"The splash page of Wonder Woman #151 (Jan. 1965) featured a startling claim:
'THE BOOK-LENGTH THRILLER THAT EXHAUSTED ALL THE WORDS IN THE DICTIONARY!'
"What was meant by that is debatable (the word 'andeoquenous' doesn't appear once), but I know that I was certainly exhausted and I only read the thing. In it, Wonder Girl dreams that she is being menaced by Glop, a creature that can assume the characteristics of anything it eats. Glop learns to sing when he lands near a teenagers party. The brawny intrepid teenager throws his record player and a stack of 45s into Glop's mouth, yelling 'Beat it, everyone--while I feed this goo a stack of jive!' Glop learns how to sing a love song:"
"But what I wanna know is... what would cause a nice youngster like Wonder Girl to dream such a thing?"
I DID! I FED HER PEPPERONI PIZZA THE NIGHT BEFORE!
"Jimmi DC! The continuity cop! Then it was you who--"
--WHO COOKED EGG FU FOR DINNER? THAT'S RIGHT! HE DIDN'T FIT IN ON EARTH-ONE!
I ALSO ADOPTED WONDER TOT, IN CASE YOU'RE CURIOUS. I DUMPED HER IN LIMBO. SHE WAS STRICTLY THE PITS.
THEN I STOPPED BY THE PIZZA PALACE AND LURED BINKY AWAY. HE'S LOCKED IN THE TRUNK OF A '63 CHEVY, WHERE HE CAN'T GET INTO MY NICE, CLEAN CONTINUITY.
I STEAMED SUPER-TURTLE, DROWNED QUISP IN 2% MILK... I CONVINCED BATMAN TO BECOME A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT!
I DID IT ALL FOR THE CONTINUITY! IT MUST REMAIN PURE AND CONSISTENT, EACH MINUTE DETAIL FITTING IN LIKE A PUZZLE, NO MISSING PIEC--
SUPERMAN
DC
NATIONAL COMICS

NEXT: WE REALLY MEAN IT THIS TYME... **WHEN TITANS CLASH!!!!!!!** THE STORY THAT DEMANDED SEVEN EXCLAMATION POINTS! (EIGHT!)

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BALLOONS by ROBERT LOREN FLEMING (EARTH-SEVEN)

INKS by BOB OKSNER (EARTH-ELEVEN)

COLORS by ANTHONY TOLLIN (SEVEN-ELEVEN)

LETTERS by JOHN COSTANZA (SEVENTH HEAVEN)

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LOOK!! THERE ON THE RACKS!!

I discovered **Supes** *on the tube. George Reeves, wow! The man could wink. One day, in the drugstore, I spotted a rack of comic books. I had 12¢ in my pocket. My life was about to change forever!*

I sifted through the books, but it didn't take me long to find one that featured my hero. I didn't look any further. I just grabbed up the issue, paid for it at the checkout counter, and ran home to read it. LOIS LANE #48.

This classic story took Lois back in time to impersonate three of her favorite heroines of the past: Helen of Troy, Cinderella, and Florence Nightingale. I read that comic seven or eight times. I put it down on the floor and rolled on it. I ran the newsprint over my cheeks. I threw it up and caught it, read it aloud to my large family, and took it to Phoenix on vacation. I've still got it. (Although it's now in liquid form.)

I've lived my whole life based on principles that I learned in LOIS LANE #48. Namely, that you can screw reality by climbing into fiction. I did it! I'm **living proof!** *Here I am, a* **real live person,** *living in a comic book! No responsibilities! No problems! I can do whatever I want and no one can punish me! Of course, it wasn't easy getting* **in.** *I've* **still** *got marks on my legs from those darn staples!*

AMBUSH BUG
March 1, 1985

*****

Thanks so much for sending me the advance stats of AMBUSH BUG #2. This will be only my second letter to a DC comic (the first written to the late, lamented THRILLER) in something like 20 years of comics reading—and that got me thinking.

It seems to me that a lot of fans tend to identify DC—which was for so long the industry giant—as having the locus of its appeal in the past. Now, I'm as nostalgic as anybody (indeed more than most), but I don't think nostalgia is the point. When comics fans hearken back to "better days," it's not the *past* they're hungering for—it's *quality!*

"The New DC" cannot successfully be a matter of either advertising hype or change-for-change's-sake—nor, certainly, of copying what others are doing better. At DC, this has best been exemplified of late by books like Alan Moore's SWAMP THING, THRILLER, and now AMBUSH BUG. That Robert Loren Fleming was so intimately associated with two of those three examples is no accident, and high praise for an unusual and vital talent.

Sorry to get so serious in such a zany book, but this needed saying.

GREGORY SHARPE
c/o 219 S. Barrington Ave.
Apt. 322
Los Angeles, CA 90049

P.S. If Jonni DC ever gets out of that manhole, would she be interested in a date?

Well, I'll mail you the remains, Greg, but it seems rather ghoulish to me. But I'm glad you brought up that coincidence about Fleming, because it's even more pertinent than you think. Out of the three titles you've mentioned, Fleming writes all three! That's right, Alan Moore is actually a pen name for Robert Loren Fleming! Not only that, but Fleming **also** *writes under* **other** *pen names, including Don McGregor, Jan Strnad, and Mike Baron! When he's drawing too, he goes by the names Howard Chaykin, John Byrne, and Frank Miller! And he's all of the Brothers Hernandez! Fleming spends his summer vacations in Maine, writing horror novels under the pseudonym Stephen King. As Stanley Kubrick, he manages to squeeze in the occasional film project. And his latest album, "Purple Rain," is on the top of the charts.*

*****

Thanks for the advance look at AMBUSH BUG #2. In fact, thanks for *Ambush Bug!*

It is refreshing to see a humorous super-hero comic that doesn't rely on just comics for its sources of humor. Most so-called funny super-hero comics can't be enjoyed by someone who hasn't read the last twenty years' worth of comics. With *A.B.*, someone who has just started reading comics, or who has never read a comic before, can still get a laugh from "Station WASP" or the giant cotton swab. Longtime readers still have in-jokes, such as the Mxyzptlk/Mxyztplk mix-up.

The humor in *A.B.* is so rapid-fire that if a person doesn't get a laugh from one joke, there are at least a dozen more that will have him rolling on the floor.

Some readers might be under the misconception that *A.B.* is a basket case. I must disagree. After all, any sane person would be able to recognize a certain mild-mannered reporter as being a bespectacled super-guy. Right?

Right?

KEVIN HALSTEAD
24 Maplewood Rd.
Hartsdale, NY 10530

P.S. Okay, Fleming, 'fess up, how much did you have to pay to get your name emblazoned in that giant burst balloon on page 18?

He paid me $17.50 and promised that he'd never have me say, "I'm here, officer, in the proverbial nick of time!"

*****

The AMBUSH BUG MINI-SERIES (soon to be an ongoing monthly ... I hope!) is blessed with not one, but *two* titanic talents. Robert Loren Fleming and Keith Giffen are, without question, among the percentage of the industry that still cares. And furthermore, DC Comics is providing most of that fraction of quality that seems to be a "Close Encounter of the Id Kind" at the mega-monster competition.

Am's book is well paced and structured to the point of retaining all its exterior framework, no matter how off-the-wall and bizarre the story or artwork become. I feel most of this dynamic resilience is due to Bob's matter-of-fact dialogue.

As for Keith's penciling ... first off, I've loathed his work ever since I saw The Woodgod (at the big "M"). I recall his dropping out of comics altogether for two years to "regroup." But again, those stiff figures and engorgements of totally unnecessary background detail (a pervading problem that both Pérez and Byrne will evidently carry to their graves) turned me away. But now, this streamlined work (almost animation-cel simplification of line and the total jettisoning of the "fan" house-style) is among the best I've seen in years (by anybody). Most evident is the influence of Alex Toth and a little-known Argentine artist by the name of Jose Muñoz. The

metamorphosis continues, AMBUSH BUG #2 was Keith's most stimulating foreshortening yet ... (don't lose this guy to the mega-monsters).

Overall, I'm quite exhilarated by "The New DC," with books of such unimpeachable propensities as AMBUSH BUG, SWAMP THING, CRISIS ON INFINITE EARTHS, ARAK, ATARI FORCE, The WHO'S WHO, and THE FLASH.

DAVID GERALD COBB
"THE HAMBONE" HAMILTON
Agoura Hills, CA

Wait a minute! Hold it! Stop right there! Do you mean to tell me ... that there's ... another *comic book company!? Besides* DC?! *I can't believe it! Who'd want to work for* them? *Haw haw haw!! Huh? What'd you say, Flem? They pay* what? *No! For* one issue??? *You're kidding me. You're going over there Tuesday? How about if I, uh, tag along with you? No, no, I'll* cancel *my appointment with Julie.*

*****

Got that copy of AMBUSH BUG #2 yesterday and I'd like to talk to you about it.

I could go on for awhile about the snappy dialogue ("Do you know Pete Ross?," "... and then there's always an element of luck involved"), the grossly funny visuals (most everyone on pages one and two), even the plot itself (What happens when an errant scientist decides to tamper with the *Cute* Side of the Force?).

I could point out the best two gags in the entire run of *Bug* stories to date, namely the Mxyzptlk/Mxyztplk mix-up (which, according to *Billboard*, is gonna cost Station WASP its license come renewal time) and the *"Superman Saves Dessert"* headline (which causes me to wonder just how great a metropolitan newspaper The Planet *is* when it's constantly running headlines like *"Superman Foils Alien Gorilla Hoax*—presidential election results on page 32.").

I could mention that my grandmother was embarrassed by some of the things you said to me in *Amazing Heroes*, and that, if you ever spill Yoo-Hoo on my necktie again, you can kiss your complimentary copies *good-bye*.

I could act like a *smartmouth* and ask Julie how come people in Metropolis who make pay phonecalls and don't get an answer (page 3) don't get their quarters back (but then I'd get thrown off the advance copy mailing list).

I could even continue pulling the old "start-off-all-your-parsgraphs-with-'I could'-while-saying-nothing-really-meaty" gimmick ...

But I won't. No matter how funny I am, you're gonna upstage me. So I'll just sit back, crack open another bag of Tostitos, and wait patiently by the mailbox for issue #3.

MARK WAID
Dallas, TX

Sorry, Mark, but you've been thrown off the advance copy mailing list. What's your grandmother's *address?*

*****

Boy, I have to tell you that the AMBUSH BUG #2 photocopy you sent me to read was really appreciated, and *neat*, too! The visuals were invariably interesting to look at, especially all those great crowd scenes in which Keith manages to capture the faces and figures of people from all walks of life there in the city of New York, making those really funny caricatures sort of work in a kind of highly symbolic way, if you know what I mean, and I think you do.

The giant koala, and all of the other animals in the book, looked real good, too. I don't know how Keith does it—you can just sit and stare at those pages for hours on end, and never get any more of an inkling of how he manages it all—all the weird but accurate perspectives and great visual juxtapositions that really help highlight and underline the theme or themes of the story. He just seems to make it look so natural, as if he had no problem at all sitting there at his drawing board day after day, night after night, just cranking out this stuff with not a whole lot of taxing effort after all. Gosh, he's good!

I hope AMBUSH BUG gets his own regular comic! It rates four stars on *my* chart!

BUDDY THE BLIND DOG
Sasparilla, TX

Hey! *How'd* you *get in here! Go* on! *Shoo!* Shoo!!

NEXT ISSUE: You're going to meet my cousin, Phymata Americana; Fleming's mother captions a page (at least she turned hers in *on time); I eat sushi (but* not *by the seashore); the evil villain Scabbard tries to get directions from New Yorkers; Keith's one-year-old son Kyle contributes a page of art while Keith sings the theme song from "Green Acres"; I'm killed and then instantly revived; my own laundry turns against me;* Starfire *of the* Teen Titans *does a striptease; and I get married! All this, plus the death of Darkseid, in just thirty days!*

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MEANWHILE...

Part III (Finally!)

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A CARTOONIST/COMMUTER/ EXECUTIVE EDITOR

9:22 After a brisk walk covering the roughly half-mile distance between Grand Central Station and DC's offices at 666 Fifth Avenue (a nice enough building, but the "dimples" on the cast metal panes that decorate its exterior make it appear to have a terminal case of acne), a short elevator ride takes me to the eighth floor. I enter our reception area, say good morning to Ruthie (our receptionist) and Clark ("Clark" is a life-size dummy of Clark Kent which permanently occupies a chair in our waiting room, endlessly reading the same page of the same newspaper), and head up the long hallway toward my office.

"Morning, Tom. Your place or mine?" We meet for a few minutes each morning to update each other on the previous day's events and see if we can head off whatever calamities are brewing this day. As Managing Editor, Tom Condon is responsible for schedules, creator contracts, and much of the business of our department.

"Yours. I'll be up in a few minutes."

"No rush, I'm going to get a cup a coffee first anyway."

I continue down the way to my digs.

"Morning, Julie."

"You're late!"

"I'm never late, Julie, the **train** was late!" Actually, that's Julie's pet line, but I like it well enough to swipe it.

9:27 Coffee cups filled and at hand, Tom and I start the day. Minor problems have developed in the ongoing contractual talks with Don McGregor (Questworld) and Dan Jurgens (Booster Gold). I like both concepts and offer some solutions in the hope that we can resolve the problems and move on. Editor Alan Gold wants to change the date of his **Justice League of America Annual.** The projected story line ties in with the November cover-dated issue of **Crisis on Infinite Earths** and should be released on the October cover-date for maximum benefit.

"Aces with me, Tom. Check with distribution people and Paul (Levitz)."

The Loser's Special (also tied in to **Crisis**) has to be released on either the September or the October schedule. September is better creatively, but some of our marketing folk think October makes more sense for them. It's Marketing Director Bruce Bristow's call, but he's at a sales meeting in Las Vegas and not due back for over a week. We'll try to get him on the phone later. (When we talk to Bruce later that day, he goes with creative and opts for September. Yeah! One for the good guys!)

10:00 Planning schedule meeting in V.P. Paul Levitz's office. A group of high-level people go over our current schedules to see if we're making them (we are—barely, in some cases) and project releases, cancellations, new launches, potential problems and opportunities in the months ahead. Our planning schedule extends to March 1986. Of course, some of it is just wishful thinking at this early date.

11:00 Back in my office I delay my three daily 20-minute meetings with individual editors in order to interview a young man I met recently in Atlanta who was interested in learning more about comics editorial work. An hour in or near my office will confirm for him that it isn't all fun and games.

11:20 Interview over, I call Alan Gold in 20 minutes late for his Tuesday, 11:00 meeting. All of DC's editors and associate editors have weekly scheduled meetings with me so we can discuss problems and/or solutions in their individual areas of responsibility. Spur-of-the-moment meetings (some in the hallway, some behind closed doors) attend to the emergencies that often crop up and can't wait until the next scheduled meeting. Back to Alan Gold: lack of space, of course, prohibits my detailing the entire 20 minutes. We focus on script problems in a projected mini-series revival of **Jason's Quest**, a title last published by DC in the 60s, and talk about some future plans for **Blue Devil,** DC's 1984 sleeper hit.

11:40 Sal Amendola's turn. After some run-of-the-mill discussions of his **Talent Showcase,** I remind Sal that he promised a short piece for this column outlining our plans for the final phase of our current talent search. He promises delivery soon. (You'll see it in the next week or two.)

12:00 Nick Cuti tells me we're having problems getting covers out of **Neal** Adams for the extremely popular **Deadman** deluxe reprints. (So what else is new?) We do everything we can to give him more time. The covers he does are often worth the effort it takes to get them.

12:30 Lunch! I seldom eat in the office. I believe it helps to reduce the stress to get away at least for a short time each day.

1:45 Back from lunch. Took some extra time today ... I have a lighter-than-usual afternoon. From now until my three o'clock appointment I will close my office door and go through the huge stacks of paper (scripts, art, memoes, letters, etc.) that pile up on every flat surface in my office. It's clear I need more file space ... and more trash baskets. I make some headway with my "in" tray, managing to move most (but never all) of the letters, memoes, and copies of this week's cover production to their next destination. I also put a stack of unread script presentations in my portfolio ... something to do on my hour-and-a-half commutes.

3:00 I meet with Matt Wagner, who is writing and drawing a **Demon** four-issue mini-series for us. Matt is the writer/artist of **Mage,** published by **Comico,** and is a good storyteller. He came to us with a very interesting idea that will redefine the **Demon** character and we bought it. Now he's showing me the pencils for the first issue (I love 'em) and discussing cover ideas.

4:30 Time for my "Let's go out for a beer" meeting with Frank Miller.. Getting out of my office is the only way I can guarantee an uninterrupted hour of talk on an important project, and this project **is** important. Frank has contracted to write and draw a three-issue (48 pages each) set of **Batman** books in a brand-new format (which I won't talk too much about here)! To give you an idea: book one opens sometime in the future with Bruce Wayne and Police Commissioner James Gordon meeting in a bar to drink a toast to the Batman ... who was last seen ten years ago! Don't miss it. You've never seen a **Batman** like this one!

5:40 Time to dash off to get the 6:07 home.

7:45 I walk in the door from my garage into the kitchen. My wife Marie kisses me hello, hands me the phone.

"It's Roy Thomas, dear..."

Thank you and good afternoon.

Dick

DC CHECK LIST

ON SALE THE WEEK OF MAY 30

☐ **TALES OF THE LEGION 326:** Part 1 of the battle against the Legion of Super-Villains!

☐ **ACTION COMICS 570:** Two titantic tales, including a spotlight on Jimmy Olsen!

☐ **DETECTIVE COMICS 553:** Batman vs. Black Mask, plus a Green Arrow shocker!

☐ **WORLD'S FINEST COMICS 318:** Why would anyone want to kill two boys who aren't even old enough to vote?

☐ **ALL-STAR SQUADRON 48:** King Arthur kidnaps the Shining Knight, plus the Blackhawks!

☐ **ARION 34:** The deadly evil of Arion's mother leaves devastating effects around the world!

☐ **V 7:** Julie goes home for a rest but finds herself stalked by an assassin!

☐ **JONAH HEX 92:** In this final issue, Jonah goes out in "A Blaze of Glory!"

☐ **AMBUSH BUG 3:** A Bug-eyed view of the DC Universe, including Egg Fu and Mopee!

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